Clara Morris, Tragedienne. An Autobiography.

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Dear old raving savage! How she used to frighten us all! How she barked and barked, but she never, never bit! How I wanted to kiss her withered old cheek that day when she offered me shelter on trust. But she was 85 years old, and my honored guest here at the "Pines" before I told guest guest here at the "Pines" before I told guest guest

for 10 cents one could get quite a large saucer of the delicate dainty. Fifteen or 25 cents was charged elsewhere for no better cream, but a more

offered me shelter on trust. But she was \$5 years old, and my honored guest here at the "Pines" before I told her all the terror and the gratitude that she brought me that day.

An Ice Cream Tragedy.

An Ice Cream Tragedy.

My clear skin, bright eyes and round face gave me an appearance of perfect health, which was belied by the pain I almost unceasingly endured. The very inadequate provision my poor mother had been able to make for the necessities of her child's welfare, the cruel restrictions placed upon my exercise, even upon movements in that wooden chair, where I sat for five hours at a stretch, had greatly aggragated a slight injury to my spine received in babyhood. And now I was facing a life of hard work, handicapped by that most tenacious, most cruel of torments, a spinal trouble.

At 14 I knew enough of such terms as vertebra of the back, spinal column, spinal cord, sheath of cord, spinal marrow, axial nervous system. curvatures, flexes and reflexes, to have nicely established an energetic quack as a specialist in spinal trouble; and, alasi after all these years, no one has added to my list of flexes and reflexes the words list of flexes and reflexes and reflexes the words list of flexes and reflexes and reflexes the words list of flexes and reflexes the w

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The Fable of the Wise Piker Who Had By George Ade. the Talk That Went.



Who Discussed Tschaikows





noon Reception to F. Hopkinson The Piker Was Ultimately Elected Director of a Museum.

Miss Haw, Who Poured at the Alter-

Garip.

The Piker unreeled a little more of the same kind. He said that the Elaboration of incident showed a certain Modicum of Skill, but there was not enough Plus-Human Sympathy in the Coforing of the Subtle Motives. When the Piker got rid of this he was always Relieved, for it is an Awful Thing to Memorize and carry around with you.

Safe when he saratlates among the wellBred because they are too Polite to call
a Bluff.

A Piker always has his entire Stock of
Goods ir the Show Window.

Vien't came to Music, the Piker did
not know the difference between a Fugue
and a Cantata. Such knowledge of Litrature as he cculd boast was picked up
by reading the Posters in front of BookStores. The avertage Katy-Did had about
as much Art Education as he could have
Spread if it had come to a Show-Down,
but he never allowed it to come. He had
about as much Business in an Assemblage of cultivated Chautauquans as z
nan with a ragged \$2.60 Bill would have
in Wall Street. Yet he managed to cut
Figure Eights over the Thin Ice and he
had the narse of being one of the
Errintest Gentlemen that ever accepted
an invitation to the Evening Session of
the Olympian Circle of Hens.

The Piker knowledge of Lite
Tame was kind. He said that the Elaboration
of Incident showed a certain Modicum
of Skill, but there was not enough Plussufficient showed a certain Modicum
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of the Piker was always Releved, for it is
an Awful Thing to Memorize and carry
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NCE there was a man who wore a six and three-quarters Hat and had been so busy staving off the People who needed it right away because they had some Bills to meet, that he never found time to sit down and absorb Culture. Yet he had to go out and meet those who wore Spees and had these high Mansard Forsheads. Sometimes he found himself in the Front Room where every one was expected to discuss Literature, Arr. Music and the Difficulty of getting good Livthen Help.

This Man was a Pin-Head in a good many Respects, but he was as a Wise as a man house and have to be Wise. This Man was what Edmund Clarence Steinman sould call a Piker. A Piker is one who gees into the Game on Small Clarence Steinman sould call a Piker. A Piker is one who gees into the Game on Small Clarence Steinman sould call a Piker. A Piker is one who gees into the Game on Small Capital and Lets On to be holding back a huge Reserve. A Piker is usually Safe when he sagratates a mone the Weils and the Really and Truly Safe when he sagratates a mone the Weils and the Really and Truly Safe when he sagratates a mone the Weils and the Really and Truly Safe when he sagratates amone the Weils and the Really and Truly Safe when he sagratates a mone the Weils and the Really and Truly Safe when he sagratates amone the Weils and the Really and Truly Safe when he sagratates amone the Weils and the size of Cray-off of the Sirick He said that the Eliboration of Indicent showed a cortain Modeum of Skill, but there was not enough Plus-Human Sympathy in the Coforing of the Stores. This was knewned as Crathata. Such knowledge of Literature as he could book when the high the high said and Weil Piker went and weil and weil went and the Piker was a lack of insight and Broad Canadas. Such knowledges of Literature as he could be safe with the Sienkie He was the property of the said the Modeum of Skill, but there was not enough Plus-Human Sympathy in the Coforing of the Stores. The average Kasty-Did had about Afterward Miss Haw were out and told and Weils who so careed he

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Che Wee Yellow Bird.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.



She Killed the Wee Boy and Put Him Into the Pot Instead of the Hare.

One day their father was out sheath-ing corn, and he killed a hare, and brought it in and gave it to the step-mother to cook for his dinner the next day.

The next day, when she had the pot boiling, ready to put the hare in it, she sent the wee girl away on an errand, and she killed the wee boy and put him in the pot instead of the hare, and in the evening she put away his bones between two marble stones under the ground.

ween two marble stones under the ground.

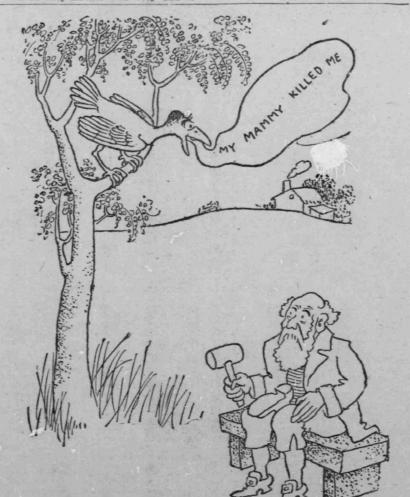
Not far away there was a shoemaker lived in a wee house, and there was a bush stood by his door; and as he was working, mending shoes, next morning, a little yellow bird flew into the bush and began to sing:

"My mammy killed me,
And my daddy ate me.
She hid my bones
Between two marble stones,
And then I flew away into a bird."
The cobbler he looked up from his work, and says he to the bird: "If you say that again, I'll give you a nice pair of little girl's shoes."
So the bird says again:

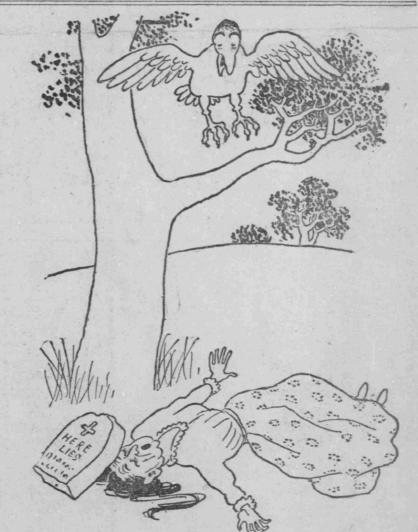
"My mammy killed me,
And my daddy ate me.
She hid my bones
Between two marble stones,
And then I flew away into a bird."
Then the shoemaker gave it the pair of shoes, and off it flew. It lit on a bush outside a gold-beater's and began to sing:

"My mammy killed me."

outside a gold-peater's and sing:
"My mammy killed me,
And my daddy ate me.
She hid my bones
Between two marble stones,
And then I flew away into a bird."
The gold-beater was beating gold in his window when he heard this and he 'looks' up and sees the yellow bird, and says he: "If you say that again, I'll give you



MY MAMMY KILLED ME, AND MY DADDY ATE ME; SHE HID MY BONES BENEATH TWO MARBLE STONES.



AND DOWN ON THE TOP OF HER HEAD THE BIRD DROPPED THE TOMBSTONE AND KILLED HER.

